

A TRIBUTE TO DEKE LEONARD

18 December 1944 – 31 January 2017

The passing of Deke Leonard has been felt keenly by the legion of Manfans throughout the world. This special tribute edition of the newsletter contains contributions from many of them, plus reminiscences from his fellow musicians. All have their own perspective on how Llanelli's finest touched them and changed their world. We can also share some of the photos which were selected by his partner, Mary, to show after his funeral and many of which have not been seen before.

It's hard not to see this as the end of an era, but we hopefully have one last album of new music to enjoy; George Jones, Taff Williams and others are likely to be involved in completing this during the year. And, of course, we have Deke's previous recordings and writings to treasure.

So pour yourself a Coca-Cola, light up if you must and prepare to share some special memories of a special character. Why do they always take the good ones?

Michael Heatley



Deke Leonard - Timeline

1944 Born in Llanelli to Winston and Ella



1962 Forms the Corncrackers with schoolpal and cousin Meic Rees



1964 Joins Jets, then leaves to re-form Corncrackers in early 1965

1965 Rejoins Jets, rechristened as Smokeless Zone when they go to Hamburg

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1968 Joins Man as a founder member, forging guitar partnership with Micky Jones



1969 Briefly leaves Man for personal reasons, working in piano factory, before rejoining

1972 Sacked from Man; forms Iceberg and deps in Help Yourself

1973 Records two solo albums, "Iceberg" and "Kamikaze"

1974 Rejoins Man

1979 Records third solo album "Before Your Very Eyes", released 1981



1982 Forms Force with Sean Tyla, records one eponymous album

1983 Joins re-formed Man with Ace, Jones and John Weathers



1996 Suffers stroke and takes musical leave of absence. Publishes first book, Rhinos Winos And Lunatics

2000 Publishes second book, Maybe I Should've Stayed In Bed

2004 Leaves Man to pursue solo career



2005 Releases fourth solo album, "Freedom And Chains"

2006 Radio series *It's Crazy, Man* nominated for a Sony Radio Academy Award

2012 Publishes third book, *The Twang Dynasty*

2015 Publishes fourth book, *Maximum Darkness*

2015 *Deke Speaks* collection published on Kindle

2017 Dies, age 72, in Llanelli



Tributes from friends and colleagues

I FIRST MET DEKE AND THE CORNCRACKERS at the L Club in Llanelli on the way home from an early finish with the Jets at Haggar's Ballroom in Pembroke Dock.

I noticed that Deke looked a little old-fashioned with his horn-rimmed specs and curly teddyboy haircut. The Cornies wanted us to play at the club and we agreed. After that first meeting, we were always meeting up and sharing bills all around the Swansea area: the Tiv, the Ritz, the Tower etc.

Deke really impressed me with his very original style of guitar-playing. He was a good singer, too. He was obviously influenced by Mick Green who I had seen with Johnny Kidd and the Pirates. The Telecaster would always be their guitar of choice, much cooler than the Stratocaster.

The Corncrackers split up and Deke shot off to France to play at American military bases with the Blackjacks. Deke was replacing Vic Oakley so he was playing bass as well as vocal duties. Don Callard, the Blackjacks' guitarist, told him, 'You'll never make it as a guitarist as long as you've got dirty underpants.' For the remainder of the tour Deke played guitar and Don played bass so I reckon Deke must have washed his shreddies.

Anyway upon his return to Blighty, Deke turned up at his girlfriend's house only to find her in flagrante delicto in some chap's car outside her house. Deke opened the car door and bashed the boy, then proceeded to destroy the car. Later that evening he arrived at the Park Hotel, Swansea, where the Jets were doing Wednesday nights.

He was on pints that night and after the gig he fell right on his back on the pavement outside and said if

we wanted him he'd join the Jets. We said yes and he kept shouting, 'I'm in the Jets, I'm in the fuckin' Jets.'

So the next day me and Plum went down to Slash (Llanelli) to find him and see if he meant what he said. He did, so he was in.

That line up of the Jets was Plum Hollis, Deke Leonard, me and Billy 'Doc' Evans. When Beau Adams replaced Billy on the drums we really thought we had it. Beau was tremendous and really gave the band a kick in the ass. Some years later Deke got him to play on a couple of songs on his 'Iceberg' album most notably 'A Hard Way to Live', what a great song.

Deke relished playing the American bases and we learned a lot from that experience. It was like playing in America without actually having to go there!

It was only a couple of years since the Beatles had played at the Top Ten in Hamburg when we played there back to back with Sol Byron and the Senate, a Scottish soul band, When we got back to London Beau decided to move to Australia, so we asked Terry from the Comancheros to step in. Terry fitted right in, not just

as drummer but as a great bloke and musical partner; that was life-changing for Deke and me. We started something there that would continue for many years.

We did another month at the Top Ten in that year of 1966 and when we came back we saw 'Revolver' in the window of a Dover record shop and after hearing it we knew we were gonna have to get our skates on.

Deke went back to the Cornies and was frantically writing songs and nearly making it. Terry went back to Germany and the American bases with the Bobcats.



He called me to come out to join him as their bass player had been sacked for falling asleep onstage; they were pretty boring, mind.

When we got back Deke asked Terry to join the Cornies because Keith Hodge had left to go solo. Terry said he would if Martin could come as well; he was always doing that, love him. Anyway, after about ten seconds Deke said 'Oh, alright, then.'

After our recent sojourn on the Yankee bases, me and Terry had only listened to the Paul Butterfield Blues Band and 'Freak Out' by the Mothers of Invention so we were pretty fucking hip, I can tell you. Deke played us the 'Country Guitar Hall of Fame' album with Grady Martin, Thumb Carlisle et al. And he could nearly play some of those tunes too!

Anyway we became the Dream. I loved it because Deke and the boys did all the work and I spent most of the time dancing about. I can hear you laughing from here, you bastards...

After spending the Summer of Love nearly making it, Deke made a determined effort and joined the Bystanders who, by our standards had made it, They had a record contract and loads of gigs, albeit mainly Northern clubs, no offence Bernard, and that mystical substance, money.

'I don't blame you, son, I'd probably have done the same thing myself if they'd asked me' I said, while thinking to myself 'You c***, what the fuck are we gonna do now?'

A few weeks later the Bystanders relinquished their sensible showbiz career for a crack at the psychedelic underground option and had changed into Man. Terence had shot off to the States with Dave Edmunds and Mickey Gee. Me and Georgina had moved to London.

In a flash, or so it seemed at the time, Deke had left Man, temporarily it appeared, in order to look after his wife Fran who was suffering with her nerves, can you blame her, after having made two great albums, 'Revelation' and '20Zs Of Plastic With A Hole In The Middle'.

Then the bastard said to me 'Look, Martin, can you stand in for me while I sort this out with Fran?'. 'But I can't play the guitar, you know, not properly like you. What the fuck are the boys going to think?' 'Oh they like you, it'll be alright, just fucking wing it, you know, dance a bit like you did in the Dream, nobody'll notice.' 'What d'you mean "Nobody'll notice"? They'll see me dancing you twat.' 'Go on Marty, you can do it.'

He always called me Marty when he was trying to be nice.

Martin Ace



LET'S BE STRAIGHT, DEKE AND MICKY WERE ONE OF THE BEST GUITAR PARTNERSHIPS OF ALL TIME.

We all know about Micky, but Deke, he had a sound all of his own. At Deke's funeral I had the honour of doing the eulogy.

'I tried to be a Scotty Moore, a Frank Zappa, a Jimi Hendrix, but I turned out to be a Deke Leonard, something I have to live with every single day of my life.'

Now let's think about that... How many Scotty, Jimi and Frank clones have we heard? Okay, Deke didn't measure up to them in fame and popularity, but his sound? I'm not so sure it could have been imitated so easily.

When I joined the Manband in 2002 I covered and eventually replaced Micky. When Deke left, I took on his role. I won't give you two guesses as to which I found harder.

I'm still blown away by his passing, it was a total shock, but I am so happy that, in the last five years or so, we worked together so regularly and formed a close relationship. He was like another dad; they all are, it's a family. I'm looking forward to the album, its important we get it finished and released.

Thanks for that first guitar lesson, Roger. How many people can say they learned their first guitar lick in Vienna?

'B- B- B- B- B- B- Bacon and eggs!'

George Jones

MY FRIENDSHIP WITH DEKE STARTED 53 YEARS AGO, when the Swansea music scene was thriving. The musicians all gathered at the same music venues and even shared the same houses. I jammed with Deke when I was 16, but played with him for the first time with the Jets.

To choose a story from those days is impossible as there are hundreds of memorable events over the years, so I will tell you of a recent event that got us

back together on stage, this time without a guitar or drumkit in sight.

It was 2015, when the organiser of the Dylan Thomas festival in Laugharne asked if I would take part in a questions and answers slot with Topper Headon of the Clash. Topper had requested it, but unfortunately the day before the event he pulled out. I couldn't let them down and, realising my old buddy Deke would be there, asked him if he would step in. He agreed instantly (he was that kind of guy).

So on the day we sat in our places on the stage, with Richard Thomas the organiser sat between us. A few questions were put forward, but each time I spoke there was no response from Deke, he kept looking through his notes. I thought I was dying a death until I realised how deaf he was. So we turned his monitor up and he was away. The banter that flew back and forth was hilarious and Deke's wit was as sharp as ever. The audience, Richard and myself were hysterical, much to my relief, as it was a first for me.



So thank you Richard for enabling me to spend that brilliant weekend with Deke, who turned a potential disaster into a fantastic interview that I will never forget. He has always had a remarkable wit and was one of the kindest, funniest and most talented men you could ever wish to meet. He was a brilliant friend and I miss him dreadfully.

I only hope that, through his books and his music, his legacy lives on.

Thank you for the ride and the view, old buddy. God bless you, man,

Terry Williams.

IN THE SPRING OF 1974 I accompanied Chris Darrow on a tour of the British Isles as we opened for the Manband on their 'Rhinos Winos and Lunatics' tour. I met Deke our first night out travelling to the first gig. (I had been aware of him from the LP of his with the shiny aluminium foil cover with the biplane in blue).

Upon meeting him, I was charmed by his melodious lilting way of speaking and soon realised that this person was somehow a mash-up of Dylan Thomas, Richard Burton and Elvis Presley.

As the tour unfolded, I also realised that he was a great guitar player. We shared a love of Elvis and Kurt Vonnegut throughout that month of May and Deke taught me many of the arcane ways of his native land. The thrill of the tour for me was when, in Wimbledon, he asked me to join the band for 'Romain'. He even said I might be the first Yank to become a member.

I returned the favour in 1979 when I asked Deke to join me as I recorded my fourth album 'The Last Stroll'. Despite his recollection in his 'Maximum Darkness' book, I remember him playing some memorable licks that added to the vibe of that disc.

The world is a poorer and sadder place without my old friend... R'n'RIP Deke, keep rockin' wherever you may be.

Walter Egan

DUKE, OR BERNARD AS I USED TO CALL HIM. Bernard Leonard, it had a certain ring to it. Smoked like a chimney, kept Coca-Cola in business and hated vegetables with a passion!

We had many a long conversation on the road, be it on music, politics or the nature of existence, and didn't necessarily agree. He used to talk about me finding my lost passport in a book about universal consciousness and saying drummers are a necessary evil!

When his last book, 'Maximum Darkness', came out I asked him to sign it for me, and I even paid him for it. I flicked to the part where we were on tour with Eric Burdon only to find out that he said that Pugwash was the drummer and not me. He forgot that I spent five weeks on a tour bus with him and the others...

I still believe in a universal consciousness and that the soul that inhabits the body for a short time just goes back there.

When I learned of Deke's passing I heard his voice in my head saying 'You were right, Bobby...'

It was good to know you, Duke, and I'll see you again sometime.

Bob Richards



DEKE LEONARD...LENNOX... OR MR BUMBLE, as he liked to call himself. I've known him since 1963 when he was in the Corncrackers, but didn't really get to know him until the Manband reformed in 1983 as that was the first time we'd actually played together in the same band.

Phil Ryan had already told me what a lovely guy Deke was to work with, and it didn't take long for me to find out how right he was. After Phil's tip-off, when the question of rooming arrangements arose I quickly grabbed Deke as my room-mate and it stayed that way for 13 years.

He was perfect. Wouldn't get out of bed until five minutes before we were due to leave, giving me a clear run at the bathroom, spent most of his time reading, writing, or listening to his tapes of *Just A Minute* so the time spent in hotel rooms with him was generally a quiet affair, just the way I liked it.

I took great pleasure in proof-reading his writing work, I found it both witty and very funny and gave an honest opinion (mostly very positive), which tended to spur him on quite a lot, I'm happy to say. Deke wrote some great songs, my own favourite being 'Circumstances', and they all had one thing in common. When he presented a new song to the band it was complete: no messing about with lengthy arrangement changes, just learn it and play it. A breath of fresh air every time.

He was musically a consummate professional but offstage a bit of a shambles, constantly tripping over things, setting fire to himself with cigarettes and not having the faintest idea how to set up and plug into a guitar amp without help. But that was what made him so

endearing. He embraced the rock'n'roll lifestyle as only Deke could, with a deep determination to enjoy every second of it, and that is why I both loved and had the greatest respect for him.

One of the last things he said to me was, 'You know, we've known each other all these years and we've never had an argument.' 'Priceless,' as he would say. I will miss him more than I can say.

John 'Pugwash' Weathers



WHAT DO YOU WRITE ABOUT SOMEONE who has had so much written about him already – and probably a lot more in this newsletter?

I will start with the normal things. Deke was a great guitarist, songwriter, raconteur and author. In all these fields he achieved wide acclaim.

Over the years we talked about numerous things. One being that when he lived in Chester he had a good chance of outliving other Man members. The theory being that Chester, being high up, was midday on the clock and, as most of the other members lived in south-west Wales, which would be half past, he had a fair time before it came to twelve again. I am not sure what effect Martin moving to Germany had on this. Perhaps he should not have moved back to Llanelli.

Anyway back to reality. Deke underplayed his talent as a guitarist. He thought that Micky was in a different league to him. Perhaps he was. But I argued that what Deke played was critical to what Micky played. I know very few musicians who had a magical communication with each other like those two. Thankfully it is there on the records to witness. One thing we did agree on was that he wasn't a very good driver and didn't enjoy driving.

As a songwriter and bandleader (Iceberg) he certainly knew what he wanted, as will be obvious when his posthumous album is released.

Anybody who had the good fortune to catch one of his one-man shows will appreciate his talent for mixing humour with true stories: 'I never saw Hendrix play, but he saw me.' When I first suggested doing this based on Ray Davies's Storyteller shows, he



was a bit apprehensive. The first show was at the Dylan Thomas Centre in Swansea. It seats 110 and completely sold out. He performed as if he had been doing it for years. The last one he did was in Abertillery in October 2016, which again went down a storm.

His writing skills made me green with envy. A talent I do not possess but wish I did. Hopefully the ongoing TV/film project will reach fruition and be the icing on the cake to celebrate the great man's talents.

One thing that did impress me was that I never saw him ignore anybody. He always found time to talk to people and would always sign items. I know somebody who took twenty albums to a gig and Deke sat down and signed them all. Perhaps he signed too many things. Who knows?

Finally I have suddenly found a void in my life which will be hard to fill. I will certainly miss our conversations and our meals out together with the other halves. We will still do this with Mary. Perhaps he will be looking down. Ironically, it is only after the loss of someone that you fully appreciate the effect they had on your life. It was a privilege to have known him. All I can say now is 'I'd have given my left bollock to have had half the talent that Deke had.'

Steve Elsdon

IT'S ALWAYS A WEIRD MOMENT when you feel compelled to write something about one of your hero's passing. Despite a life on the edge, Deke seemed indestructible to me. He lived life as a rock star should, living for today and always in search of a killer riff, a defining line and his next joint! Down the years he must have chuckled to himself at the thought of becoming an author, raconteur and eventually finding a context for nearly 50 years of musical madness with Man, Iceberg, Help Yourself and the Force in a one-man show.

But he did all these things, as he had a powerful inner voice that always needed to be heard...almost in spite of himself.

His self deprecating humour hid a strand of intelligence and dark humour that frequently came to bear on his biting lyrics and classic song titles such as Iceberg's 'Razorblade And Rattlesnake', and Man's 'Hard Way To Die' and 'Taking The Easy Way Out Again' and Help Yourself's 'Eddie Waring'

He didn't suffer fools gladly, though at his zenith the rockstar ego did get in the way of the human being for a while... Years later he would laugh at such antics, including paying ridiculous amounts of

money for a new nose for vanity's sake.

Some years after a stroke, I promoted his comeback show with Man at the Shepherd's Bush Empire and he seemed glad to be back, albeit frustrated that he wasn't able to live his rockstar life to the full thereafter.

A few years later in the dressing room at Dingwalls he swapped banter with the late fellow guitarist Richard Treece (Help Yourself) about their mutual ill health, both surmising that it wasn't their fault...though given the amount of recreational drugs and smoking in general, that was laughable.



But I ain't here to moralise, Deke leaves behind a great musical and written legacy. His finest moments with Man and Iceberg defined Acid Rock for a generation of music fans, of which I'm proud to be one. Even his near misses with Sean Tyla in the Force produced the occasional gem ('Close To A Headline', 'Trick Of The Light') and of course some more timeless riffs.

Deke's books such as *Rhinos, Winos & Lunatics*, *Maybe I Should've Stayed In Bed* and *Maximum Darkness* were essential reading, while *The Twang Dynasty* was his recall of his guitar heroes.

I'd love to mention all his musical highlights, but there are so many. I first met him in Iceberg on the 1973 'Up For The Day' tour...he seemed bewildered but excited by the prospect of fronting his new band Iceberg. It was that same sense of bewilderment that made his career so unique.

I think underneath all the front there was a musician who was proud of what he'd achieved. At the fourth and last Welsh Convention – essentially a celebration of Man and their spin off bands at the Astoria in 1998 – he suddenly turned to me and asked to play some Man music over the PA. It was a curious request given we had more than four hours of live Man-related music on stage. He explained that: 'Tonight is all

about celebrating the band, we should give the fans something to remember.'

We seem to live in an age when all our heroes and friends and relations are fast disappearing, but Deke Leonard was a Welsh musical giant – and, as I said, he seemed indestructible. I can't believe he's no longer with us.

Pete Feenstra

IT WAS WITH GREAT SADNESS that we learned that Deke Leonard had passed away. Another great loss and shock for the world of music.

He played in so many bands in his formative years. Being a huge Elvis fan, he changed his name from Roger to Deke (after Elvis's character Deke Rivers in 'Loving You').

As part of Man and then Iceberg and then Man (again) he was an incredibly innovative guitar player. He had a unique voice with that totally recognisable 'hard edge'. He also had a gigantic talent with words. We were fortunate to be involved in so many amazing live shows over many years, and it was always inspiring.

Deke's partnership with Micky Jones was something to behold, just about telepathic, super talents that blended and took notes and then made them soar and dive and thrill. Sadly many of the members of Man have passed, so perhaps there might be a heavenly reunion somewhere.

We know that George Jones (Micky Jones' son) brilliantly continues the legacy of the Manband and it was wonderful to know that Deke was playing with the band in December, and in great form.

Deke was loved and admired around the world. In addition to his very special musical talents, his writing was full of humour and irony and touched anyone who's ever been involved in the music industry.

His award winning radio shows for BBC Radio Wales will live on and on and stand the test of time, giving such insight to rock 'n' roll in the early days.

We know that his beloved Mary (as he always called her – and who made his life so special) must be heartbroken, along with his adored Katy and granddaughter Eydie, Ric and all the family as well as so many friends and colleagues who have always felt he was part of their family.

Deke lived with us for several years, so we were fortunate enough to share a lot of his thoughts and witness some of his writing, which often came from the same blue chair that seemed his 'comfortable' place.

Man and Deke's music is still a very constant part of our lives, played loud and often. He leaves us with

many very special memories. Quite simply, he was our friend and we loved him.

Barrie and Jenny Marshall

WE HAD A GREAT DEAL OF FUN from 1971 onwards, especially working together in the Force with Micky Groome and Paul Simmons from 1982-84. We stayed in touch down the years and it is a great shock to hear he has passed on. He was a national hero in Wales and his dry humour got me through some tough times personally. I love you, man, and I am going to miss you like hell.

Sean Tyla

WE HAVE LOST SOMEBODY WHO WAS THE REAL DEAL. A man with the true Bardic gift. He was funny, with a savage wit which he practised freely. He was great company and a fine musician too, even if he would never admit it. Deke supported and encouraged my early life in the music world, pressed the other lads to help me get into the Manband and stood in for me with the Helps when I was sick with depression. I sadly saw little of him in the last twenty-five years. Richard Treece's memorial gig at Walthamstow was the last time I saw the old devil and we talked of this and that...and cricket (which we both love)! It is a sad loss to the world at large, and heaven knows we need all the spark we can get these days

All those who ever met Deke, played with him, or have been touched by the wonderful music he created, are feeling the pain of his untimely death. Words don't come easy at the moment... Thoughts are with his close friends and family and with his partner, Mary. RIP old friend.

Malcolm Morley

A CHANCE CONVERSATION WITH DEKE at the Royal Standard, Walthamstow, in early 1990 resulted in us becoming close friends, and changing both the direction of mine and my sons, Scott and Glenn, lives in ways only previously dreamed of – It has been an amazing journey. We are honoured to have had him as a very close friend for the past 26 years and will miss him more than words can express. A truly lovely person.

Roger, Scott and Glenn Hoodless

SURELY NO-ONE WHO EVER MET HIM COULD FORGET Duke Leopard (as he was wrongly name-checked in some 1970s publication). We probably first met in the

early 1970s in Andrew Lauder's office at United Artists (or maybe it was still called Liberty). The press officer there was Richard Ogden, who later worked for Paul McCartney – hopefully both have recovered – and Richard arranged for me to go with the Man band to a gig at Cook's Ferry Inn in Edmonton, North London. The band plied me with large quantities of alcohol, to the point where nothing at all of the gig remained in my mind, but on the way back in their car, the excess of booze led to several technicolour yawns. Nevertheless, Deke was always friendly when we met subsequently, and our paths crossed occasionally, such as when there was a press reception for one of his solo albums held at the Imperial War Museum in Lambeth. There was no doubt a reason for that venue being chosen, but maybe it was just a Deke joke.

Deke performed at the 1974 Amazing ZigZag Concert, on a bill with one of his heroes, Michael Nesmith. Deke appeared in the set by Help Yourself, a band

with whom he was very friendly – to the point where Helps' manager John Eichler named one of his sons Deke. Another of my memories of Deke was in the cellar bar at London's Hope & Anchor in Upper Street, Islington, where Eichler was also resident. At that time, for reasons now forgotten, kingsize cigarette rolling papers were a habit of mine, and I was smoking a kingsize roll-up, which Deke spotted and implored me to share it with him. He ignored my protestations that the contents were legal tobacco, and after a couple of unsuccessful drags failed to provide him with any kind of higher sensation, conceded that he had been mistaken.

More recently, he wrote several books, which are genuinely very funny, and although it may be sacrilege to Man fans to say so, my main regret at his sadly early departure is that there won't be any more literary laughs from this hugely talented Scotsman (joke).

John Tobler

Tributes from the fans

THERE WAS A FUNDRAISING CONCERT PLANNED at Llanelli Workingmen's Club, organised by a great mate of Micky's – local man Phil Pardoe – in aid of the Morriston Hospital where Micky had been receiving treatment for his brain tumour. The event on Friday, September 22 (2002 – I think) marked Micky's return to the Manband after an enforced absence.

For Deke, this was an unprecedented 'home fixture', and having recently completed *Maybe I Should've Stayed In Bed*, he offered a bundle to help boost the coffers on the night. He agreed to pen whatever dedication the prospective purchasers wanted if informed of their wishes – via Phil – in advance.

I already had a copy, but was happy to buy another for a good cause. I pondered long and hard what words I could request of the great scribe. Then it came to me.

In Deke's account of his childhood and earliest musical forays he had often had reason to ask of assorted protagonists: 'How does "Fuck Off" sound?'

So those were the words I requested for my personal dedication, carefully relayed via Phil, who promised he would have it ready to hand over when I rolled up on the 22nd.

The club was packed, but it didn't take long to work out that other than a hard-core 80 or so Man fans, the c300 guests were chiefly regulars who would doubtless have been there whoever was on stage... not that they didn't thoroughly enjoy themselves.

Phil handed me my precious purchase and, on

inspecting the neat inscription, faithfully transcribed as per my instructions, I grinned happily, confident that no-one else would have exercised such an unlikely preference.

I should have remembered another recurring theme in all Deke's accounts, particularly those relating to the Manband – namely the frequency with which their best-laid plans fell victim to chaos and confusion.

Clearly Phil had been ignorant of this well-documented phenomenon when relaying my request to Deke, for when I idly flicked open the front cover of the volume atop the pile of 'Maybes' on the merchandise desk, I noted it contained the exact same dedication... though not, of course, preceded by 'To Mark'.

Further delving confirmed he'd used the same endearing enquiry in the front cover of every single one.

Man fans would have recognised it of course, and, even had they not, would probably not have been taken aback. I watched that merch desk assiduously over the course of the next hour or so and still have perfect recall of a succession of gentle Llanelli folk – their interest piqued by the unfamiliar yet rousing tunes they'd been listening to – reaching for Deke's latest book, flicking open the front cover, their eyebrows rising in puzzled surprise, replacing it and wandering away again!

Some did actually purchase it regardless. Whenever I look at my copy, though, I wonder how many homes in Llanelli have one on a bookshelf somewhere, ready to ambush family and friends engaged in some innocent browsing.

This was also the occasion on which I spoke to Micky and Deke for the first time in my life. It was a reasonably lengthy exchange of small talk with Micky, chiefly on the subjects of his ongoing health issues and what an incredible job George was doing filling in for him in the band.

Deke was already ensconced in deep conversation with a bunch of chaps he presumably had known most of his life, so I didn't want to disturb him for too long.

Tapping him on the back, I apologised for the interruption but pointed out that I'd driven all the way from deepest, darkest Dorset and couldn't possibly leave without shaking the hand of the 'second greatest guitarist in the world.'

Not sure he realised I was quoting from 'Rhinos', but he beamed nonetheless, shook my hand fiercely and thanked me for making the journey.

He could so easily have responded: 'How does "Fuck Off" sound?'

Mark 'Oakers' Oakley

THE FIRST TIME I CHATTED TO DEKE face to face was at London's Hope and Anchor on 1st April 1983. Man had just finished their first proper comeback gig and I had illegally taped it. When I told Deke he laughed and said he'd send the boys round to get it! The last time we chatted was on 10th September in the luxurious surroundings of Dagenham Trades Hall. I got him alone afterwards and thanked him for the 45 years of pleasure he had given me and took the selfie below. A very special moment.

Sometimes heroes don't disappoint. He never did.

Simon N White



SOME RANDOM MEMORIES OF DEKE... What impressed me most about him was that he didn't 'play the rockstar' offstage, and was very approachable, and friendly.

At a Man gig at the King's Hotel in Newport, Micky broke a string, and was fumbling around behind the stage curtains looking for a spare one...which brought the response from Deke to the audience: 'You'll have to excuse him. He's from Merthyr Tydfil!'

Met him several times at the Laugharne Festival, where he sat in at the Laugharne's Got Talent nights, playing Elvis songs.

One evening I thought I should mention to him that I had taken lots of photographs of Man through the years.

His response? 'You Sad Bastard!'

He passed on his musical knowledge enthusiastically to young musicians, was lovely company, and even gave me a piece of chocolate cake at a gig in Cheltenham.

Why didn't they take Elaine Page or Eric Clapton first?

Mike Ware

WENT DOWN FROM NEWCASTLE TO THE MARQUEE IN '83 ('Friday 13th' gig) without a ticket, to finally see Man for the first time. Turned up in the afternoon at the box office but they wouldn't sell me a ticket. Then Deke walked in, so I said hello and told him my predicament. Suffice to say he sorted them out for me! What a gig!

I was lucky enough to see the reformed band several more times after that, so consider myself lucky to have been 'along for the ride and the view'.

Kevin O'Connor

I FIRST REALLY BECAME AWARE OF DEKE when John Peel played 'Nothing Is Happening' on his show sometime in 1973. Subsequently became a great fan of Deke and later Man. Saw them on tour in late 1973 with Iceberg supporting Man. More recently I read all of his books. What a brilliantly gifted and funny writer he was. I also recall writing to him and asking for the chords to 'Nothing is Happening'. He never replied but I almost didn't expect him to. He remains and will always remain with me through his music and his writing.

Stephen Preston

DEKE EXPLODED INTO MY LIFE ON 1 OCTOBER 1973 when I saw him as part of the Up For The Day tour at the City Halls in Glasgow. I really enjoyed the Manband but absolutely loved Iceberg. The album was purchased the following day - £2.15 from Virgin (beanbags present and correct) in Argyle Street. I was

overjoyed when Deke rejoined Man, as this made the world seem more complete. Since then, the ride and the view has been magnificent and it's so sad to think that all we have left are the memories. But what memories they are.

Allan Heron

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DEKE LEONARD WAS MUCH MORE THAN A GIFTED MUSICIAN, he was a friendly face always willing to have a chat, more often than not embroidered by a humorous story or two. Always genial, he was a true gentleman. I have many happy memories (and mementos) accumulated through 45 enjoyable years of exposure to his music and numerous personal encounters. I will always cherish those memories.

Kevin Tanswell

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THERE WAS ALWAYS A LEONARD QUIP to recall, be it pre, gig, or post. And the knowledge besides the mirth was there for all to hear. I recall one pre gig how we ended up talking about OC Smith and 'The Son Of Hickory Holler's Tramp' – couldn't begin to tell you how or why – hardly one of my most knowledgeable topics! The art of sleeve notes has lost an artiste! Hope Phil Collins is taking note: 'The Good Ones Always Get Taken First'. I expect a postcard to know if your Hereafter passes muster.

Richard 'RR' Gould

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WITH 'MAXIMUM DARKNESS', this fourteen year-old heard the best music of his life, and Deke's unique percussive wah-wah was a big part in that. 'Iceberg' the album came next. Deke had his own immediately identifiable sound, sharp, jagged yet somehow full bodied - and a unique sound is, for me, the hallmark of a great guitarist.

Seeing Man in 1976 and Iceberg in '77 cemented a lifelong love affair with this music, which we, the tragic individuals, have had the amazing fortune to have enjoyed for 40 or 50 years. Perhaps Deke would regard his greatest achievement as his benign life sentence as the sparring partner to Micky Jones, creating the best guitar partnership, and the best live music you could ever hope to experience.

Cherished sleeve notes turned into remarkable books and one-man shows.

The current stint with Son of Man had Deke playing some of his most energised music for years. 'Great gig,' I said as he came offstage at Dagenham. 'Did I manage to fake it?' Deke asked. 'No, you are the genuine article,' I replied.

Olly Goodwin

MET DEKE THE FIRST TIME AT SPACE AND ROCK Festival in Jönköping, Sweden. We had a chat and he told me some stories, signed book and CDs. Later I met Deke in Germany and in London. He even sent me a card at my 50th birthday. I felt like he was an old friend that I always have known. Thank You Deke for the music and all the stories!

Love and Peace

Peter Brändholm

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I'VE BEEN A FAN OF DEKE AND HIS MUSIC ever since I heard him play 'in the land that time forgot' as he described Pembrokeshire back in the 1960s. I've heard him play many times. As a music journalist I read many music books and I can safely say Deke's books were the best, the funniest I have ever read. More recently I got to know him as a friend and discovered him not merely to be a fine guitarist, writer, raconteur but he was also a humane, witty, unassuming, lovely man. He will never be forgotten.

Malcolm Cawley (BB Skone).

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THE LAST TIME I SAW DEKE he put me in a headlock as we laughed ourselves silly at something stupid. I never ever dreamed that one my long time heroes would ever give me the time of day. The guy was such a lovely bloke, always fun, immensely talented and such a massively significant part of my musical for nigh on 45 years. His parting leaves a massive gap in my life and I will always cherish the memories he created with his words, music and personality. RIP Deke.

Barry Island

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WHETHER PLAYING GUITAR OR SINGING, Deke was one of rock'n'roll's true originals. Along with Micky, Clint and Will, he was one of four exceptionally powerful and indisputably Welsh voices to grace the Manband. But even those other three seemed to adhere to some recognisable vocal style (Micky was perhaps like a supercharged Graham Nash) whereas nobody sounded like Deke – nobody. The same could be said for the razor-sharp staccato guitar style – a voice and guitar that could slice through granite at 100 yards. But that maybe overemphasises the harsher qualities of what was a rich, warm and well-crafted musical persona.

John Voysey

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I FIRST MET DEKE IN 1973, TOURING IN ICEBERG alongside Man. He sat on the stage during the soundcheck at Leeds Town Hall and gave me a plectrum. It was a bit hard for my acoustic guitar so I filed it somewhere safe for 35 years, during which 'Kamikaze' was always on my playlist. Fast forward to Leamington Spa 2011, having somewhat belatedly discovered that Man/Deke had reformed in the 80s and rediscovered that plectrum. Deke was guesting with Man and I thought I might return it to him. Michael Heatley kindly introduced us, and the rest is history in more ways than one. Deke brought us together and became a friend as well as a hero. He will leave a huge hole in our lives, I can't believe I'll never pick up the phone and hear him say 'Hello, Darling' again.

Helen Heatley

I FIRST SAW IN DEKE IN LIVERPOOL (Up for The Day Tour) October 1973 and have followed him ever since. I have many memories LP's, cassettes, books, Deke reading from his books and photos. He always said hello at gigs particularly in the 90s when I saw Man quite a lot. I was lucky enough to spend over an

hour with him and Mary sitting down in Alexander's Jazz Café, Chester before a gig in 2004. I'm very sad and Deke will be sorely missed. I don't usually believe in coincidences but Deke passed away on my 63rd birthday and Micky Jones died on my daughter's birthday. Back together again!

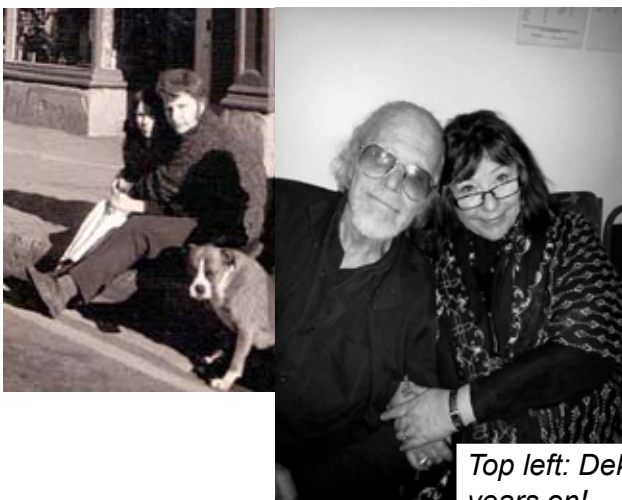
Nicholas Edwards

I CONSIDER MYSELF DEEPLY FORTUNATE TO HAVE MET DEKE at 5 Cwmdonkin Drive - Dylan Thomas's childhood home - in 2015 when he did a talk and a few songs. It was a joy! I had the pleasure of describing to Deke my first introduction to Man, as a teenager watching an *Old Grey Whistle Test* Welsh band special. As a result I bought 'Do You Like It Here Now, Are You Settling In' and it remains one of my favourite albums. I have numerous other Man albums as well.

I was living in Swansea then (my mother's home town), now back in my native Somerset. Sad news indeed...

Steve King

A few more from the archives



Top left: Deke and Mary in 1965... then 50 years on!



Top right: Deke's final gig with Son of Man in Devizes, 17/12/16.



Bottom left: Iceberg 2004. Middle: Deke and Katy 2009. Bottom right: Deke at the Beeb 2015.



FOR SALE

DEKE'S BOOKS

There were 15,000 views of Deke's recent Facebook post on his lost Telecaster. Many people didn't realise it had been stolen, but the whole sad story is revealed in Maximum Darkness.

The Twang Dynasty and Maximum Darkness are still available through Amazon or www.northdownpublishing.co.uk. We are extending the pre-Christmas Deke signed photo offer for any books bought via the Northdown website exclusively for those of you on this mailing list, while stocks last.

Pricing:

The Twang Dynasty (£17.99).
Maximum Darkness (£12.99).

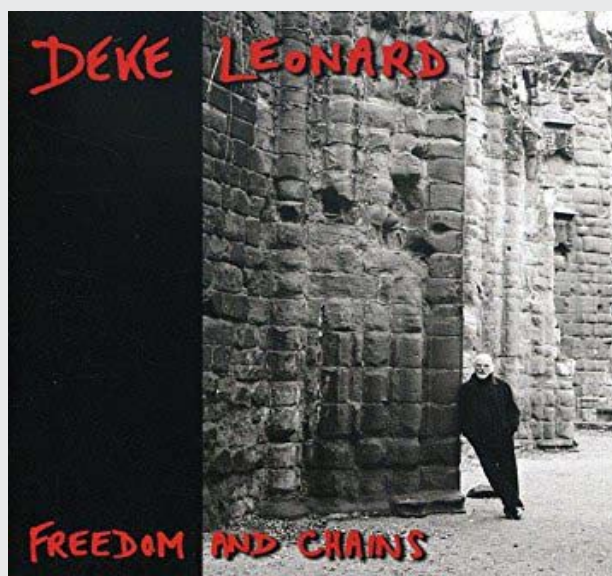
Please add P&P UK £2.00, Europe £5.50, World, £8.00 or order via our website.

Rhinos and Maybe are out of print.

However, ALL Deke books plus the collected TWC Deke Speaks are available as ebooks from Amazon Kindle store (you can get a free reader for Kindle books for most devices now - you don't have to have a Kindle).

To pay by Paypal, visit our website:
www.northdownpublishing.co.uk

To pay by cheque please enquire by email to northdown01@gmail.com.



FREEDOM AND CHAINS – DEKE LEONARD CD
To our surprise when unpacking after our move we discovered an unopened box of Freedom

and Chains CDs; we thought they had all gone. If you would like one they are available for £8.00 inc UK P&P, £10.80 inc European P&P and £12.00 elsewhere in the world

LIVE AT THE COAL EXCHANGE 2000 2xDVD & CD

Steve Elsdon (who funded the video shoot) says: 'Please note this is not endorsed by the band. I will reimburse anybody not happy with this product (minus p&p), but I am sure that you will all enjoy this memorable night.'

Over 3 hours of the legendary album launch concert for 'Endangered Species'. Two DVDs – featuring Micky Jones, Deke Leonard, Phil Ryan, Bob Richards, Martin Ace, Clive John, Tweke Lewis, George Jones and Dave Charles – and a bonus CD.

Set list:

The Ride And The View/Love Isn't Love/Hangin' On/C'mon/Face To Face/Saints and Sinners/Tie Up The Wind/Victim Of Love/Conflict Of Interest/Stuck Behind the Popemobile/Many Are Called But Few Get Up/Bananas/Romain (with Tweke and Clive)/Spunk Rock (with George)

Available from steveelsdon@talktalk.net
2 DVDs +CD £14 including UK p&p.

IT'S CRAZY, MAN!

Steve Elsdon has packaged Deke's radio series into two 2-disc sets, each containing a four-page booklet.

Available from steveelsdon@talktalk.net.
Each set £10 or both for £18 including UK p&p.

MICKY JONES T-SHIRTS

George has two new designs of Micky T-Shirt for sale: photo images from Roundhouse 73 or Rockfield 74.

Gilden Heavy Cotton, size S to XXL, they are £15 (UK, includes P&P), £20 (overseas) from george-jones9@ntlworld.com.

MARTHA

And, last but not least, a reminder about 'Martha'. A lost Deke track from the '70s this is available as a digital download at <https://www.cdbaby.com/cd/dekeleonard>.